April 24, 1945

* CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER *

#90...Gambler's Luck

cast:

CASEY	
ANN	
ETHELBERT	
LOGAN	
SILVA	
ROSS	
CROUPIER	(bit)
MARTIN	
MUGG	(bit...double)
2nd MUGG	(Bit...double)
3rd MUGG	(voice)
COP	(voice)

writer: ALONZO DEEN COLE

director: JOHN DIETZ

Supervisor: ROBERT J. LANDRY

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CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: The adventures of CASEY...PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTO-GRAPHER, written by Alonzo Deen Cole and played by Staats Cotsworth. We invite you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift-moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight's adventure:... (ORGAN EFFECT) ...Gambler's Luck.

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...BLEND INTO BLUE NOTE PIANO AT *

ANNC'R: The Blue Note Cafe...(*)...night... a few minutes after 11 o'clock. Ethelbert, the bartender...

ETH: You and Miss Williams get through work right on the dot t'night Casey!

CASEY: Yeah, we had a break, Ethelbert... no last minute assignments to keep us after hours.

ANN: But when we DO manage to get away from the paper at 11 o'clock there's no place to go except home.

ETH: On account of the midnight curfew, Miss Williams.

ANN: Yeah. If it'll help to shorten the war by as much as one second, I'm for it, but... well, tonight I'd like to have a little excitement.

CASEY: Set me up a drink, Ethelbert.

ETH: Okay.

ASLEY: (CHUCKLING) And mix a double for Miss Williams... it'll take down the high temperature that makes her want to go places.

ANN: It will not! I'm BORED, Casey...I want to see a good show... or go somewhere and dance.

ETH: (SLIGHTLY OFF)...FADING ON) Say... I know a place where you can see somethin' mighty excitin'...And it's just down the street.

ANN: What place?

ETH: Ross Irwin's gamblin' joint.

CASEY: That sucker-trap??

ANN: (DISMISSING THE IDEA) Casey took me there once.

CASEY: What's exciting about watching chumps buck Ross Irwin's crooked games?

ETH: His roulette wheels aint crooked, Casey.

CASEY: They dont have to be!... with the natural percentage roulette pays the house. But, even his wheels'd be fixed if that wasn't too dangerous.

ANN: Why is a crooked roulette wheel more dangerous than...?

CASEY: In case of a squawk or a raid, Annie - a house dealer may hide phoney dice or phoney cards...or he can accuse a player of putting em in the game. But there's no way for a gambler to hide his way past a controlled wheel if it's investigated. The cops inthis town dont like Ross Irwin; they know he's a bad baby... in spite of the political protection he has, they'd close him up if they could...and they could if they caught him running anything so crude as a fixed wheel.

ANN: Oh. Anyway, Ross Irwin's place doesn't offer me any excitement. Etyelbert.

CASEY: Nor me.

ETH: (PATIENTLY) Maybe if you two will let me finish what I started t' tell y', y'll change yer minds.

ETH: Just a few minutes 'fore you come in, I was tipped off that a certain party was enjoyin' a big run of luck on one of Ross Irwin's wheels this evenin'.

CASEY: Yeah?

ETH: And the certain party is— Larry Silva.

CASEY: Larry Silva??

ANN: Casey— isn't Larry Silva the square gambler who—??

CASEY: Yeah. Ross Irwin used his political influence to close up Larry's place a few years ago...the two guys hate each other's insides. You say, Ethelbert, that Larry is bucking Irwin's game tonight and winning big dough?

ETH: Accordin' to what I heard, he was about 50,000 bucks ahead of Irwin's wheel about fifteen minutes ago.

CASEY: Man, oh man!— would Larry love to break Ross Irwin's bank... and would Irwin be sore if he did it! Drink up, Annie...this is something we've got to see.

ANN: We're going over—?

CASEY: And quick. Thanks for the tip, Ethelbert.

ETH: Y' see— when y' wanta know what's excitin' in this town: DON'T read th' Monrin' Express you folks works for...just ask ME.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BUZZ OF EXCITED VOICES OFF & FADING ON. AT * THE VOICES BECOME HUSHED WITH SUSPENSE. THERE IS A WHIRL OF BALL ON ROULETTE WHEEL AND, at **, the BALL FALLS INTO PLACE.

CASEY: There's the table where the big play is going on, Annie.

ANN: Nearly everybody in the place is gathered around it.

CASEY: I'll squeeze a way through so we can see. (SLIGHT EFFORT) Pardon me— (MUTTERED REACTIONS FROM PEOPLE PUSHED ASIDE)

ANN: (SOTTO VOCE) There's Ross Irwin.

CASEY: Looking VERY unhappy. Excuse me—

ANN: Look at that pile of chips in front of Larry Silva.

CASEY: Is HE having a run of luck! I'm sorry, Mister— (*) A play's just about to finish...the ball's slowing down.

ANN: (PAUSE...TENSE) It's going to fall— (**)

CROUPIER: (HALF OFF) Number 13.

VOICES: (TENSE...AD LIB) He's won again! Silva was on 13! He's had lead tonight!

CASEY: He's playing the numbers straight, Annie— getting 35xto one.

SILVA: (HALF OFF...EASILY. HE IS 40; QUIET & SUAVE) Hello, Casey.

CASEY: Hi', Larry. Seems you're doing okay tonight.

SILVA: Not bad. (A TRACE OF MOCKERY) I hate to take the money from my old pal, Ross, here...but— he's been lucky sometimes when I haven't.

ROSS:
CASEY: (35...HARD & COLD. HALF OFF) I take the bad breaks as I take the good one's, Silva. (GRUNTS) Hello, Casey.

CASEY: Hi', Ross.

ROSS: Shall I make my next play - or will you close your bank

ROSS: Make your next play, Silva.

SILVA: You're not closing down the bank yet, Ross?

ROSS: (TENSE) I— I do No one closes my bank.

SILVA: (PURRS) That's swell. My dough's on— 26 this time.

ROSS: Playing a— another number straight, eh?

SILVA: Yeah...I like the big pay-off when I win, Ross.

SOUND: BALL THROWN ON WHIRLING WHEEL. IT FALLS INTO PLACE AT *

CROUPIER: (TENSE) Plays are made.

ROSS: (VERY TENSE) You— you can't win all the time.

SILVA: (EASILY) No...I pick some bad ones— even tonight. (PAUSE *)

VOICES:
CROUPIER: (TENSE...HUSHED) 26 wins! 26! 26!!

SILVA: But I didn't pick a bad one that time, Ross.

ROSS: I- I--

SILVA: And I don't think I shall next time.

ROSS: (A CRY) There won't be any next time...the bank is CLOSED!!

SILVA: Why, Ross--?

ROSS: (FURY) You--!!

SILVA: (MILDLY) You're not sore, are you? Can't you take it when another fellow wins?

ROSS: I--! (PAUSE...TENSELY) I can take it. Count your chips... then come to my office and I'll pay you off.

SILVA: (SILKILY) That's what I want-- the pay-off.

ROSS: You'll get it.

SILVA: And I know what I've won-- I keep track as I play...you owe me (WITH RELISH) $73,000.

ROSS: (MUTTERS) 73,000--

SILVA: You haven't taken your eyes off my chips for the last half hour and neither has your croupier...you know that's right.

ROSS: (UNHAPPILY) What- what's your count, croupier?

CROUP: (MUMBLES FEARFULLY) 73,000.

ROSS: (PAUSE) Come to my office, Silva...I'll give it to you.

SILVA: (EVILLY) Thanks. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Oh-- will you come along, Casey.

CASEY: Me?

SILVA: (FADING ON) And Miss Williams. I was glad to see an old friend like you drop in here...I might need a friend.

ROSS: (ON MIKE NOW)..ANGRILY) Look here, Silva-- you don't think I'd pull anything--??

SILVA: (MOCKING) I couldn't think anything wrong of you, Ross. Let's go.

ROSS: (PAUSE) Come on. (PAUSE AS:

SOUND: FADE CROWD MURMUR. DOOR OPENED AT *...CLOSE AT **

ROSS: Here. (*) Go in and sit down.

SILVA: Thanks.

ROSS: I'll be with you in a moment.

SILVA: Where are you going?

ROSS: (BITTERLY) To get some dough from my cashier! You dont think I'd try to run out on you,do you??

SILVA: No...I dont think you'd dare try to run out.

ROSS: (A GROWL) I'll be right back. (*)

SILVA: (CHUCKLES) Casey,this is one of the he piest moments of my life.

CASEY: It kind,of... settles an old grudge,Larry.

SILVA: $3,000 bucks worth.

CASEY: (PAUSE) He might try to welch.

SILVA: He doesn't dare pull anything that raw... too many people out there saw go win the dough. He'll pay me...and in CASH.

ANN: Cash?

SILVA: I wouldn't care for one of Ross's checks...Something might keep me from cashing it.

ANN: He won t have $73,000 in cash here!

SILVA: To run a joint like this,he's got to have a lot of dough on hand,Miss Williams...I used to have a place like this,you know

CASEY: Wont it be kind-of risky for you to have that much moolah on you until you can get it to a bank in the morning,Larry?

SILVA: (PAUSE) It'll be safe enough once I get it home. GETTIN IT THERE bothers me a little bit,Casey...I didn't come here in my own car and ~~[illegible]~~ Ross might have some chaps outside that aren't exactly... kosher.

CASEY: If that's all that worries you,I...

ROSS: (OUTSIDE...IMPATIENTLY) I'll take care of that later...!

SILVA: (LOW) Hold everything... Ross is coming back.

SFUHD: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED

ROSS: (HALF OFF...FADING ON) Here's 30 grand... in big bills, peelers ...I suppose you'll want to count it, Silva.

SILVA: Naturally. Where's the other 45 grand?

ROSS: You'd squawk if I offered you a check, I suppose.

SILVA: Yeah...I'd squawk plenty.

ROSS: (BITTERLY) I figured that...I figure you all around, Silva. (SLIGHT FADE) I'll get the balance out of my safe here for you

SILVA: Thanks.

ROSS: You'll give me a receipt for it...then I'll send two of my guys home with you to make sure nobody rolls you on the way.

SILVA: Two of "your guys"?

ROSS: Yes...it's customary for guys in our racket to protect heavy winners when they leave our joints.

SILVA: I dont want any of YOUR guys to... "protect" me, Ross.

ROSS: (ANGRILY...FADING ON) Look here, Silva:... a lot of people owe you nick me for this dough tonight...if anything happens to you, or to it, before you get it home, people might think things... it wouldn't be good for my reputation.

SILVA: And you have such a NICE reputation, Ross.

ROSS: Never mind that! I'm giving you a special car and two body-guards.

SILVA: No, Ross...I'll feel much safer without em.

ROSS: (PAUSE...CHUCKLES INDULGENTLY) Okay. But to keep myself clean I've got to see that you and the dough get safely home. Casey, have you got your car outside?

CASEY: Yeah.

ROSS: Casey's an old pal of your's, Larry...you trust HIM, dont you?

SILVA: (PAUSE...RATHER PUZZLED) Casey's one of the few guys I DO trust

ROSS: Then how's this?-- Casey drives you home and I go along.

SILVA: YOU go along?

ROSS: I want to see you and the dough safely home...and I want a reliable witness like Casey, and Miss Williams -to know that I've done it. Do you mind,Casey?

CASEY: It's okay by me.

ROSS: Suit you,Larry?

SILVA: (PAUSE) Yeah. (PAUSE) Bit for your information,Ross:-- I carry this 38 automatic...see? (SLWOLY) It's fully loaded and -- I'll use it quick if I have to.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MOTOR CAR...SLOWS AT *...STOPS AT **...DOORS OPENED & CLOSED ***

SILVA: There's my place,Casey-- 221...that old brownstone house. (*)

CASEY: Okay,Laary. (**)

ROSS: Well-- you're safely in front of your own door,Larry,with your 73 grand. Want to apologise for your suspicions of me?

SILVA: (BRYLY) Somehow I've never fiet like apologizing to you for anything,Ross. (***)

ROSS: (SIGHS) This fellow simply wont be friendly,Miss Williams.

ANN: (BRYLY) I'm afraid I've noticed that,Mr.Irwin.

SILVA: Miss Williams,will y u and Casey step inside and have a drink? You,too,Ross.

ROSS: Thanks.

ANN: We'd better not.

CASEY: No...it's getting late,Larry.

SILVA: Please...I'd like to have you.

CASEY: (PAUSE) Okay.

ROSS: That's fine. I'd like to have a drink on Larry...it'll be something for my 73 grand. (****)

SILVA: (SLIGHT FADE) Come on.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK & ASCENDING SHORT FLIGHT OF STAIRS UNDER RATTLE OF KEYS *...DOOR UNLOCKED & OPENED **...CLOSED ***

ROSS: Pretty big place you have here.

SILVA: Too big...but I like it. (*)

ROSS: How many servants you keep?

SILVA: Two...men,and both of em huskies. Why,Ross?

ROSS: Just asking.

SILVA: Oh. (**) Come in. Make yourselves comfortable in the living room there.

ANN: Thank you. (***)

SILVA: What can I give you to drink,Miss Williams?

ANN: Scotch and soda,if you have it.

SILVA: I have. I knew you like rye,Casey.

CASEY: Yeah.

ROSS: Scotch and soda for me.

SILVA: Okay,Ross. (SLIGHT FADE) Excuse me,I'll get em.

ROSS: Thought you had servants.

SILVA: They're asleep at this hour... upstairs. Uh... come along,Casey ...you can help me carry.

CASEY: Sure.

ROSS: I'll help,too.

SILVA: I dont need you,Ross...stay here with Miss Williams.

ROSS: ~~CHRRRRRIXXXXXXX~~ (HALF OFF...SHRUGS) Okay.

SOUND: PAUSE,THEN A DOOR CLOSED. CUPBOARD DOOR OPENED AT * ...ANOTHER CUPBOARD OPENED AT ** FOLLOWED BY TINKLE OF GLASSES

SILVA: I keep my liquor stock here in the pantry,Casey... in the bottom cupboard. (*)(SLIGHT FADE) Dig out rye and Scotch while I get some glasses. (**)

CASEY: Sure. (PAUSE...LOW) You're worried,Larry.

SILVA: (RATHER STRAINED) Why should I be worried?... I'm home now.

CASEY: Got a safe to put that 73 grand in?

SILVA: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Sure, I've got a safe...a good one.

CASEY: Then the dough'll keep alright 'til the banks open tomorrow... with two husky guys to help you guard it.

SILVA: Two husky guys?

CASEY: Your servants.

SILVA: Oh. Yeah, Sure.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I guess they're not heavy drinkers or you wouldn't keep all this valuable liquer in an unlocked cupboard.

SILVA: No one ever goes near that cupboard but me. ...And when you look a door, Casey, you're simply tipping off a thief that there's something valuable behind it. Take out a bottle of bourbon.

CASEY: Bourbon?

SILVA: That's my drink. (HALF FADE) I'll get some ice and Miss Williams ale.

SOUND: * A SLIGHT STUMBLE & A SMALL DRAWER FLIES OPEN

CASEY: Okay. Let's see... (*) Oomp!

SILVA: (HALF OFF) What's the matter?

CASEY: When I stooped down, I lost my balance and... Say!...what's this?

SILVA: What...?

CASEY: I grabbed a shelf of this cupboard to save myself and... a little drawer shot out of its side wall.

SILVA: (PAUSE)..ON MIKE) I'll put the drawer back. (BIZ) It- it's never used for anything...I dont know what the- the people who built this house had it put there for. (PAUSE) You're the only person who ever stumbled onto its presence there. (PAUSE) I'll appreciate it very much if you dont mention it to anybody. ...anybody.

CASEY: (PUZZLED) Okay, Larry.

SILVA: I'll get that ice...then we'll go back to Miss Williams... and Miss Irwin.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CASEY: Goodnight, Larry.

ANN: Goodnight, Mr. Silva.

ROSS: And thanks for the drink, Larry.

SILVA: You're welcome to the drink, Ross. (HALF FADE...*) / Goodnight, Miss Williams... Casey.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING SEVERAL STONE STEPS AT * ABOVE...DOOR CLOSED & LOCKED, HALF OFF, BEHIND:

ROSS:

SILVA: (LOW) Larry wasn't very hospitable, Casey...only one drink for my 75 grand and for seeing him safely home with it.

CASEY: One drink was enough for me, Ross...I want to get home and hit the hay.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED. CLOSED AT * & MOTOR STARTED

CASEY: Get into my car...I'll drop you off at a taxi stand where you can get a cab to wherever you want to go.

ROSS: Thanks. After you, Miss Williams.

ANN: Thank you. (*)

ROSS: Uh... will it be too much trouble to drop me at the 16th Precinct Police Station, Casey?... it's only four blocks from here.

CASEY: 16th Precinct Police Station?

ROSS: Yeah...I know the night desk sergeant there and I haven't had a talk with him for some time.

CASEY: Okay, Ross. (PAUSE...DRYLY) I'll be glad to leave you in such respectable company.

ROSS: What do you mean?

CASEY: Nothing.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: LIGHT SNORES...PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UNCRADLED AT *

CASEY: (AWAKENING...SLEEPILY) Huh? Oh. Okay...wait a minute. (*) Hello.

LOGAN: (ON FILTER) Casey?

CASEY: Yeah.

LOGAN: This is Logan.

CASEY: (BLANKLY) Logan?

LOGAN: Captain Logan... HOMICIDE Squad! And wake up!!

CASEY: Oh!... hello, pal. (ANGRILY) What's the idea of waking me up at this hour of the morning??... it's only half past nine and I work nights!

LOGAN: So do I!... and I was hauled out of bed after only a few hours sleep myself. Get the lead out of your head and listen:... Rose Irwin says you and Miss Williams were with him from about 11.30 last night until after one this morning, when you dropped him at the 16th Precinct station house! Is that true?

CASEY: That's right.

LOGAN: Then he's got a perfect alibi for Larry Silva's murder.

CASEY: Larry Silva's... MURDER???

LOGAN: I'm at Silva's house now...he's completely dead, his joint's been torn apart and the 73 grand I'm told he won last night is gone.

CASEY: (SLIGHT PAUSE...ALERT) I'll be there in fifteen minutes, Logan ...and wide awake.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LOGAN: According to the Medical Examiner, Casey, Larry Silva was killed sometime between one and two o'clock this morning.

CASEY: We didn't leave here until a quarter after one, Logan.

LOGAN: Then Silva got it very soon after you left...maybe only a few minutes after.

CASEY: How was he killed?

LOGAN: Shot three times through the heart. We found his own gun be-

LOGAN: (cont'd) beside him with one cartridge exploded, so he evidently tried to get whoever got him.

CASEY: What happened to his servants?... they must have heard the shots and...

LOGAN: There weren't any servants in this house last night.

CASEY: Larry told us...!

LOGAN: I know...I've heard about the "two husky guys" from Ross Irwin. I had him brought here for questioning as soon as I learned what had happened.

CASEY: I get it. Larry was afraid Ross might try to pull something and his talk about the "two husky guys" was meant to frighten Ross off.

LOGAN: That's how I size it up. The only servants Larry had were a pair of old women who came to work early in the morning and went back to their homes after dinner. When they got here this morning and looked around, they yelled for the cops... quick. And they're out as suspects, Casey...two little old women couldn't have tossed this heavy furniture around the way you see it.

CASEY: Looks as though the guy- or guys -who killed Larry had a tough time finding his dough.

LOGAN: Yeah. I think there were, at least, two guys...And if Larry had taken a shot at em which forced em to shoot back, they'd have forced him to tell where he'd hidden the money.

CASEY: How did they get into the house?

LOGAN: Climbed a trellis to a second floor window in the rear...They may have been upstairs, waiting, when you brought him home...then after you left... well, we dont know exactly what happened.

CASEY: We DO know that Ross had me take him to the station house, where he established a sweet alibi.

LOGAN: Yeah...he stayed there gabbing with the cops for a couple hours ...he COULDN'T have bumped Larry.

CASEY: But he COULD have sent a couple of his gorillas here to get that 73 grand.

LOGAN: That's what I think he did do...but proving it is something else

CASEY: (HALF TO HIMSELF) He probably gave his guys orders when he left us in his office... to get dough from his cashier. (PAUSE) Larry's killers GOT the 73 grand,Logan?

LOGAN: They must have...they did everything but tear the floors up and WE can't find it in the house.

CASEY: They broke open Larry's safe,of course.

LOGAN: Safe? There's no safe here.

CASEY: He said... Hmm...guess that safe he mentioned was likehhis "two husky servants". (PAUSE...TENSE)& FADING) Logan,I want to have a look at something!

LOGAN: Where are you going??

CASEY: To the pantry.

LOGAN: Pantry??

CASEY: Yeah...come along. Here.

LOGAN: Why...?

CASEY: (FADING ON) They didn't pull this place apart so much.

LOGAN: Why should they?... Larry Silva wasn't the kind of guy who'd hide dough in a cookie jar or an old teapot!

CASEY: But he MAY have hidden it in a pantry...behind an unlocked cupboard door.

SOUND: CUPBOARD DOOR OPENED. AT * THE SMALL DRAWER SPRINGS OUT

CASEY: Just WHERE did I grab this shelf last night...and HOW?

LOGAN: Say,will you tell me...?

CASEY: (*) I've got it,Logan!... there's a knot in this shelf board and when it's pressed from underneath by one finger...!

LOGAN: A little secret drawer!

CASEY: And look what's in it!

LOGAN: Mamma...packages of bills!!

CASEY: It's the dough Larry was last night from Ross... the 75 grand!

LOGAN: The guys who killed him didn't get it!

CASEY: And, if Ross sent em here, what a sweet time they're going to have convincing him they didn't get it. (TURNS) It's going to cause a little bad feeling...and when crooks fall out, cops often learn something.

LOGAN: (TURNS) Yeah...by keeping our mouths shut about this find, Casey, we may learn a lot. Someone might even give us evidence that Ross Irwin was behind this killing.

CASEY: Uh huh. As a newspaper guy, it hurts me to suppress news, but this is a time I'm doing it.

LOGAN: This dough goes into a safe at headquarters, and we'll take extra special care that Ross doesn't hear that we found it.

CASEY: Then we wait...and see what happens.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS...PIANO BEHIND

CASEY: (GRUMLY) Give us a drink, Ethelbert.

ANN: (A SHUDDER) Yes...we need it.

ETH: (FADING ON) Right away. Say... you and Miss Williams dont look so good, Casey. Just come in from a tough assignment?

ANN: We've just finished a <u>horrible</u> assignment.

ETH: Horrible?

CASEY: Two stiffs were fished out of the river a couple hours ago... they'd been tortured to death.

ETH: TORTURED??

ANN: And we had to look at em.

ETH: Who were they...what...?

CASEY: Logan and I think they're the guys who killed Larry Silva last week.

ETH: Yeah?

ANN: They've been identified as gunmen who worked for Ross Irwin.

CASEY: Ross probably bumped em off... or had em bumped off...but that'll be almost impossible to prove, the way that rat covers his tracks.

ETH: (LOW) Casey, you think that little matter y' told me about confidentially had somethin' to do with the killin' of them gunmen

CASEY: (LOW) Yeah. If they're the guys who ~~xxx~~ shot Silva, when they went back to Ross and told him they couldn't find that 73 grand he didn't believe em...he figured they'd taken the dough for themselves, as Logan and I figured he would. Then he had em tortured, trying to make em give up the money they didn't have. Logan and I didn't figure he'd go that far.

ETH: You can't be feelin' sorry for two guys who was murderers.

CASEY: I'm not wasting much sympathy on them, but... We hoped they'd turn on Ross when he started to put the screws on em...that they, or a pal of theirs, would tip off the cops to something that would nail Ross in spite of his alibi. But it didn't work out that way...he's still in the clear.

ANN: (SIGHS) The only thing we have to feel good about, Ethelbert, is that he didn't get Silva's $73,000.

ETH: And he still dont suspect that the cops have it?

CASEY: If he suspected that, he wouldn't have knocked off these two gorillas.

ETH: That's so.

CASEY: (TENSE) Say...!

ETH: Huh??

CASEY: If Ross Irwin can be made to think--!

ANN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Think what?

CASEY: (RAPIDLY) I haven't time to tell you,Annie...I've got to have a talk with Logan-- and QUICK! (FADING) See you later...so long.

ETH: Well--! What's got into him NOW?

ANN: (SIGHS) Ethelbert,I wouldn't know.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LOGAN: (SUSPICIOUSLY) You've got an idea,Casey,and it might work...but--

CASEY: (IMPATIENTLY) Dont give me any "buts",Logan-- the Scheme SHOULD work,and you know it.

LOGAN: It's an expensive Scheme...and a dangerous one.

CASEY: The Police Department should risk the expense if I'm willing to risk the danger!

LOGAN: (PAUSE...CAPITULATING) Okay. And if you'll keep the expense down,I'll do my best to eliminate the danger...you'll be shadowed every minute.

CASEY: (GRUDGINGLY) I dont like cops trailing me,but I guess I'll have to stand for it this time.

LOGAN: It's the only way your Scheme can pay off.

CASEY: I know. I'll start the preliminaries today:-- buy some new clothes,theatre tickets,a lot of fancy liquor--

LOGAN: (PLAINTIVELY) Keep it down,will you,pal?-- I can only go so far with the taxpayers money.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I'll be reasonable,Logan...but it's a lot of fun to spend dough on yourself and not have to worry about the old bank account. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Who'll you use to put the bee in Ross Irwin's ear?

LOGAN: Sergeant Martin...he's a smooth talker.

CASEY: Yeah...Martin will do a good job. You'll have him talk to Ross in about a week?

LOGAN: Yeah...he'll call on Ross Irwin in about a week.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ROSS: Step into my office,Sergeant Martin...have a chair.

MARTIN: (40...EASY & INGRATIATING) Thanks,Mr.Irwin.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED:

ROSS: (COLD & SUSPICIOUS) Now... what do you want to talk to me "privately" about?

MARTIN: I'm working on the Silva case,Mr.Irwin.

ROSS: I've told you cops all I know about that. I have an ironclad alibi and...

MARTIN: No one questions your alibi. I simply want to ask a few particular things about what happened at Larry Silva's house that night...because I've developed a fresh angle.

ROSS: Fresh angle?

MARTIN: Yeah. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Irwin,were you and Larry Silva and Miss Williams and Casey -together all the time you were in Silva's house?

ROSS: No...Casey and Sylva went out in the kitchen to mix drinks while I talked to Miss Williams.

MARTIN: How long were they out of your sight?

ROSS: About ten minutes.

MARTIN: Hmm. Silva trusted Casey,didn't he?... trusted him a lot.

ROSS: I think he did.

MARTIN: Think he trusted him... 75,000 bucks worth?

ROSS: What do you mean?

MARTIN: I just want your opinion. What is it?

ROSS: How can I give you an opinion when I dont know what you're driving at?

MARTIN: (PAUSE) I dont see any reason for not telling you...I've got to ask you questions in order to find out what I want to know

MARTIN: (cont'd) And a guy with your brains'd soon tumble to the angle I'm working on.

ROSS: I probably would.

MARTIN: Okay... (A TOUCH OF THE CONFIDENTIAL)...I've got a notion that the man who shot Silva didn't get his dough.

ROSS: Didn't get it?

MARTIN: Oh, they were looking for it alright... they went through every corner of that house. Maybe it's already occurred to you that IF the money was in the house, they'd have found it before they tore the whole place apart.

ROSS: IF the money was in the house--?

MARTIN: Yeah. A lot of people knew Silva had won that heavy sugar from you...he was worried about keeping it in his house all night... he didn't have a safe and he didn't have these two "husky servants".

ROSS: (PAUSE...TENSE, THINKING ALOUD) So he might have passed the dough to Casey while they were in the kitchen...and Casey took it with him.

MARTIN: I knew you'd figure it yourself. The idea was, of course, that no one would suspect Casey had the dough and, next day, he'd hand it back to Silva.

ROSS: Yeah...it was safe that way.

MARTIN: I've always looked on Casey as a square guy...if Silva hadn't been killed, I think he'd have gotten every penny of his dough back; but when he wasn't around to claim it... Well, they say every man has some larceny in his system.

ROSS: Casey kept the money.

MARTIN: That's the theory I'm working on. Ross, you and us cops haven't always gotten along too well together, but you're in the clear

MARTIN: (cont'd) on this case... your alibi takes care of that. Be a good fella and tell me what you think. You know Casey and you saw him and Silva together that night. Do you think Silva may have passed him that dough?

ROSS: (SLOWLY...HALF TO HIMSELF) He could have...he might have.

MARTIN: (PAUSE) Seen Casey lately?

ROSS: (THINKING VERY HARD) I ran into him last night at the Swallow Club.

MARTIN: That's a pretty expensive joint.

ROSS: Yeah. He was throwing a big party.

MARTIN: Hmm...a press photographer dont make that kind of dough. I've heard he's been spending a lot of money since Silva was killed.

ROSS: Yeah?

MARTIN: New clothes, champagne, presents for the gal friend...

ROSS: (PAUSE) I suppose you're trying to find out where he's planted Silva's dough...if he has it.

MARTIN: I haven't started on that yet... wanted to question you first. But now that you've confirmed my opinion, I'll get at it... as soon as I can. (GLUMLY) I'm awfully busy on another case, so it may take a little time...we cops can seldom concentrate on one thing, you know.

ROSS: (SLOWLY...THOUGHTFULLY) I suppose not...you can't concentrate on one thing.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR STOPS. CAR DOOR OPENED AT * & FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK INTO FOYER OF APARTMENT HOUSE UNDER

CASEY: Here's your front door, Annie...I'll take you in to the elevator.

ANN: (*) Oh, Casey...I'm so worried about you.

CASEY: (A TRACE OF IMPATIENCE) Why?

ANN: Sergeant Martin is sure that Ross Irwin swallowed that story he told him about you—

CASEY: We wanted him to swallow it!

ANN: I didn't!

CASEY: Logan and I did...it's the whole basis of our scheme!

ANN: But Irwin will try to get you— to make you tell where Silva's money is!

CASEY: Of course he will!— and when he does he'll be walking into a trap. Annie, this whole thing has been so carefully planned there isn't a chance of a slip-up. You saw the car that followed us tonight...it's full of cops and it's somewhere outside there now. Cops are watching every step I take...And, when Ross Irwin has me kidnapped, as we hope he will, these cops will never be more than a few hundred feet away.

ANN: You hope.

CASEY: Oh— stop worrying, kid!

SOUND: AUTOMATIC ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS

CASEY: Here's your elevator.

ANN: (A HALF SOB) Please be careful, Casey.

CASEY: I will, kid. Goodnight. (A KISS)

ANN: Phone me when— IF you get home alright.

CASEY: Sure I will. Goodnight again.

ANN: Kiss me again.

CASEY: I'm always willing. (KISS)

ANN: (SLIGHT FADE) Goodnight.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS THROUGH FOYER & OUT DOOR

MUGG: (SLIGHTLY OFF...FADING ON) 'Scuse me, Mister— got a match?

CASEY: Match? Sure—

MUGG: (LOW & QUICK) This is a gun in my pocket...dont let out a yell or make a phoney move.

CASEY: (TENSE) What's the idea?

MUGG: Get into the car you got out of a few minutes ago... your car.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED. IT IS CLOSED AT *. CAR IN MOTION AT **

CASEY: Okay. I see you've got a pal inside.

MUGG: Yeah...he's drivin'. You get into the back with me.

CASEY: (DRYLY) I never refuse a guy who has a gun at my back. (*)

MUGG: Let's go, bud.

2nd MUGG: Okay, Spike. (**)

CASEY: Of course, you don't care to tell me where we're going.

MUGG: You'll find that out. A car pulled out about a block behind us, Bud...looks like it might be followin' us.

2nd MUGG: I caught it in the mirror.

MUGG: The boss said cops might be tailin' this guy.

CASEY: (UNEASILY) Why...?

MUGG: (CHUCKLES) Seems the cops are a little suspicious of you, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: (RELIEVED) Oh.

MUGG: Watch that car, Bud.

2nd MUGG: Dont worry, Spike...I've had experience in losin' cop cars... I'll be away from that wagon before we've gone two miles.

CASEY: Hmmm.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MOTOR STOPS...CAR DOOR OPENED. WATER EFFECTS IN BACK. DOOR OPENED AT *...CLOSED AT **

MUGG: This is your gettin'-out place, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: Nice cheerful spot. Looks like an old boat house.

MUGG: It IS a boat house. (*) Inside.

CASEY: I can't say no to you. (**)

ROSS: (OFF) Hello, Casey.

CASEY: (SIMULATED SURPRISE) Ross...? What are YOU doing here?

ROSS: (FADING ON) I'm your host, Casey.

CASEY: You mean... YOU had these gorillas bring me here??

MUGG: (INDIGNANTLY) What d' y' mean "gorillas"??

2nd MUGG: Watch yer language, fella!

ROSS: I had... these gentlemen bring you here, Casey.

CASEY: Why?

ROSS: Just a minute. Were you followed followed?

2nd MUGG: Yeah...but I lost the car behind WAY BACK.

MUGG: And he LOST it, boss.../~~Spike~~ Bud knows his stuff.

CASEY: (DRYLY) Yeah...he lost it.

MUGG: We'd been here half a hour ago if Bud hadn't had to circle a lot to throw off that tail.

ROSS: I expected you sooner. Was it a cop car?

2nd MUGG: We think so.

ROSS: You shouldn't have gotten yourself so distrusted by the police that they put a tail on you, Casey.

CASEY: What do you mean??

ROSS: They think you have Larry Silva's 73 grand.

CASEY: What???

ROSS: And they'd like to know where you've planted it...as I'd like to know.

CASEY: You're talking Greek to me.

ROSS: (COLD ANGER) I'm going to talk cold-turkey to you!... what have you done with that dough??

CASEY: I dont know...

ROSS: You DO know! Thought you'd put over a fast one, didn't you?? And you might have gotten away with it if a dumb cop hadn't tipped me off! Now you're going to tell me what you've done with that money... MY money, that Silva took from me! Where is it, Casey??

CASEY: I tell you--!

ROSS: (TOPPING) You're going to tell me what I want to know!!! Take him to that chair, guys!!!

CASEY: (STRUGGLING) Let me go--!!

MUGG: (STRUGGLING) Try to put up a fight, Mister, and you get slapped down with a gun butt!!!

CASEY: (RELAXING) Okay-- you've got me.

ROSS: And we've got you RIGHT, Casey. A couple of guys were found in the river last week who didn't tell me something I thought they should have told...as a newspaper guy, you may have seen em.

CASEY: YOU were responsible for these tortured stiffs, Ross?

ROSS: Yeah. It seems I did these two guys an injustice...but the point is:-- if YOU dont tell me what I want to know, and quick, you're going to have the same unpleasant experience they had!

CASEY: (PAUSE) You'd cut and burn me-- as you did them.

ROSS: If you make it necessary.

CASEY: You're a sweet guy, Ross.

ROSS: Never mind that! Will you tell me where I can find that 75 grand or shall we start to work on you?

CASEY: (PAUSE) You win. (EASILY) The dough's in a safe deposit box

ROSS: Safety deposit box?

CASEY: Yeah...in the Downtown National Bank.

ROSS: (ANGRILY) No one can get into the thing but you.

CASEY: (SMUGLY) Not unless they have a court order.

ROSS: You know I can't get that!

CASEY: It might be difficult.

ROSS: (PAUSE) Of course, I can go there with you...and take what you took out of the box.

CASEY: I'm afraid I couldn't stop you.

ROSS: (DRYLY) You wouldn't think of... trying to call the cops.

CASEY: Sure, I'd think of it. But you'd have a gun at my back and...

ROSS: (PAUSE) The cops might do things to YOU if they were able to prove you had Larry Silva's dough.

CASEY: Yeah.

ROSS: Still... you might try to pull some sort of double cross...

CASEY: How could I?

ROSS: I dont know, but... A guy in my racket tries to figure all the angles, Casey... and I've figured you might have hidden that dough some place where I'd run a lot of risk in getting it... in a safe deposit box, for instance. So I capped my bets.

CASEY: I dont get you.

ROSS: You will in a minute. (PROJECTS) Hey, Butch!

3rd MUGG: (OOF & MUFFLED) Yeah?

ROSS: Bring the girl in!

CASEY: Girl?

3rd MUGG: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED OFF

CASEY: What...?

ANN: (OFF...HYSTERICALLY) Casey...!!

CASEY: Ann!!!

ANN: (QUICK FADE ON) A man was waiting for me when I got out of the elevator, Casey... he took me down the back stairs, put me into a car and brought me here!

ROSS: Miss Williams arrived before you did, Casey... the cops weren't watching her. So her driver didn't have to waste time losing cops.

CASEY: WHY did you bring here here??

ROSS: She'll be a sort of... hostage. When you and I go to that bank

ROSS: (caught) tomorrow morning...if I dont get that 73 grand,or if the cops pick me up,my guys here will kill your gal friend just as some of my other guys killed Larry Silva.

CASEY: NO...!

ANN: (A SOB) Oh,Casey--

CASEY: (MISERABLY) Annie,I thought I'd planned this thing so carefully there wasn't a chance of a slip-up.

ROSS: (THOUGHTFUL...SLOWLY) You're in the middle of a spot,Casey... I'll get that money tomorrow... or else.

SOUND: SHARP CRASH OF GLASS. DOOR SPLINTERED OPEN AT * WTO SHOTS **

MUGG: What was that???

LOGAN: (OFF) Stick em up... all of you!!

ROSS: COPS!... at the windows!! (*)

2nd MUGG: And at the doors!!

LOGAN: (CLOSER) Drop those guns!!

ROSS: You dont get ME! (**)

LOGAN: (MAKE ON) You asked for it,Ross!

CASEY: Logan...!!

ANN: You Shot Ross Irwin!

LOGAN: You dont feel sorry,I hope! Put the cuffs on those other muggs

COP: (HALF OFF) We've got em,Captain!

CASEY: How did you get here??... the car I was in last you cops!

LOGAN: I'm a little like Ross Irwin,Casey... I try to figure all angles So I had a watch on Miss Williams,as well as on you...and I stood the watch on Miss Williams.

ANN: YOU followed ME here?

LOGAN: yes. And I've been outside listening to Irwin's confession that he killed the guys we found in the river and ordered the murder of Silva. If my bullets didn't kill him,the State will. Well... your scheme worked,Casey.

CASEY: (WEARILY) Yeah...it'd have worked swell if it hadn't been for ya.

ANN: Captain Logan... if you dont mind, I'm going to miss you!

LOGAN: Miss Williams... I dont mind at all. (A KISS WHAT IS)

CASEY: Hmmmm...maybe it's about time I started to figure all the angles.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS...PIANO BEHIND

ETH: Why, Casey... why aint you Miss Williams with you t'night?

CASEY: She's out dancing with Logan, Ethelbert...and shut up!

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

* THE END *